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Save.
"Look at that bill," said a young man as he entered a bank on Griswold street a day or two since, and laid a "ten" before the cashier.
"Yes, I'm looking."
"Is it all right?"
"No, sir. Bank has been busted two years."
"It's teetotally no good, eh?"
"That's it. Did you take it for good money?"
"I did. I was coming in with the St. Thomas excursion with my girl, and a stranger wanted change. I accommodated him."
"Yes."
"And I am here in a strange town, dead broke, and a good looking girl expecting candy, peanuts, ice cream and street car rides. Say!"
"Well?"
"After kicking myself twice around the square, what shall I do next?"
"Pawn your watch."
"Haven't got one."
"Anything else?"
"No."
"Any friends to borrow from?"
"No."
"Then be taken ill and sit in the depot all day."
"I'll do it! I'll have to do it! And I'll sigh and groan and kick and cough and take on, and the gal will never know what hit me. Thanks, old fellow—life is worth the living, after all."—Detroit Free Press.

Bill Nye's Advice.
Be warned by one who has your best interests at heart and do not seek to obtain wealth suddenly as a humorist. Dig ginseng root, or trap muskrats, or break steers, but do not seek to obtain an immediate fortune even as a humorist "fence," for you will regret it. Even wealthy humorists are not always happy. I know one who has more money than some farmers have hay, and yet he is sometimes sad. Though he has two pairs of trousers with creases down the legs and pink shirts with maroon collars to them, he often wishes that he could again be a poor clergyman preaching his old sermons over again as he used to do, but free from care and perfectly pure in heart. I know another humorist who has shaken hands with royalty and who keeps a team and who pays more for groceries every month than he used to get for a year's hard work, and yet he feels just as sorry when one of his children dies as any body else.—Bill Nye in New York World.

Hard Luck.
Mrs. De Winks—Why, low happy you look!
Lovely Daughter—Such news! I put in a claim for \$250 for my trunk, and the railroad official said it would probably be paid very shortly.
Mrs. De Winks (a week later)—Mercy! What's happened?
Daughter—Oh, I do feel so miserable I wish I could die. Everything goes wrong.
"Dear me! Has the company refused to pay that claim?"
"No. They have found the trunk!"—Philadelphia Record.



A Chill in the Air.
He (at Saratoga)—You must permit me to compliment the hat you have on, Miss Keepaway; it is most tastefully trimmed.
She—Oh, thank you, Mr. Vere de Vere; but isn't it rather unusual for gentlemen to give their attention to such matters?
He—Well, yes, I suppose it is; but a man who has trimmed as many show windows as—or—um—yes. Excuse me, Miss Keepaway, perhaps you are finding the night chilly?—The Epoch.

Similarities in Life.
"The really efficient laborer," says Thoreau, "will be found not to unduly crowd his day with work, but will saunter to his task surrounded by a wide halo of ease and leisure." We were thinking of this as we came down in our barouche this morning.—Rochester Post-Express.

Had One of the Requisites.
"Quimby, I hear, is going to branch out as a prize fighter."
"Holy Grail! He'll never make a success of it. He can't run a little bit."
"No, but he's an excellent elocutionist."—Philadelphia Record.

Naturally So.
Brown—So your girl's father showed you the door?
Jones—He did.
B.—How did you feel over it?
J.—Well, I felt put out.—Boston Courier.

The Empire's Position.
The papers are devoting a good deal of space to the discussion of the empire's position. As nearly as we have been able to discover, the empire's position is always an erroneous one.—Boston Transcript.

No Use.
First Train Robber—What train did you stop last night? Second Robber—Overland express, going west. First Robber—Git much? Second Robber—Naw, chuck full o' people comin' home from the eastern summer resorts.—The Cartoon.

A Natural Question.
Tramp (at Union square)—Couldn't you spare me a dime, sir? I've walked all the way from California.
Actor (sympathetically)—What company did you go out with?—The Cartoon.

A Wise Tramp.
A tramp's notebook, picked up on the Essex road, contained, among other sage reflections, the following bit of wisdom: "It's a grate cel better to have pure shins barked than bit."—Burlington Free Press.

An Anxious Inquiry.
"Cashier in, sir?"
"No, he's out."
"Well, how's the bank? Is it out, too?"—Harper's Bazar.

Only Factors Allowed.
Nobody but doctors should attempt to do any work on an empty stomach.—Life.

ON LIFE'S THRESHOLD.

A Young Man Who Offered His Aunt a Doubtful Apology.

An Albany lady tells of an abnormally bright boy in Amsterdam who called at the house of an aunt, where he felt at liberty to do about as he pleased. There were some beautiful oranges in sight. The lady had evidently forgotten that boys are always hungry, and did not offer him one; perhaps she had forgotten that there were any in the house. The young visitor concluded that something would have to be done, and said: "Auntie, please give me an orange." She told him she hadn't any oranges, to which he promptly replied, "You lie!" Frightened to think how it sounded he ran home and told his mother, who immediately sent him back to apologize. The young man improved matters by saying, "Auntie, I am very sorry for what I said to you, but—ah, auntie, you did lie."—Albany Journal.

What Johnnie Wanted.
Johnnie had been lurching on bread and butter and strawberry jam; his cousin Bert, who was also his next door neighbor, came in soon after, and, following the admission that he was hungry, was asked what he would like to eat. He looked closely at Johnnie; he knew the sweetness of jam, but at that moment could not recall the name. Suddenly his face brightened.
"I want some of what's on Johnnie's mouf," he said eagerly.—Judge.

Severe Punishment.
The word "smallpox" fell to Tommy to spell, but he floundered hopelessly.
"Tommy," said the teacher, "do you know what a little boy who falls on so simple a word as smallpox ought to get?"
"Yes, sir," replied Tommy; "he ought to get vaccinated."—Life.

Cause for Sorrow.
Battered Urchin (weeping)—Oh, oh—oh, dear!
Benevolent Gent—What is the matter, my boy?
"I've lost (sob) my penny. Oh!" (Howl).
"Never mind; here is another."
Urchin sets up another howl as he pockets the coin.
"What is the matter now?"
"Oh, sir, if I hadn't lost the other one I'd have two now."—New York World.

No Sudden Interruptions for Her.
She was a girl who had been engaged two or three times. She had gone through all the trouble attendant on being interrupted by her little brothers and sisters and the old folks during the tete-a-tetes. For a long time she had been at work on a piece of embroidery of such a sacred and secret nature that she looked it up from all eyes and only worked on it when she was quite alone. Frequently they had tried to find out, but what it was they could not discover. One evening when the girl and her beau were in the parlor the mother, stepping softly along the passage toward the door, was brought to a standstill by an elegantly embroidered motto hanging on the wall. It read, "Cough Here!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Excusable.
Magistrate—What is the charge against this man?
Officer—He threw a photograph lens at a baby and cut its head.
Magistrate—Are you a regular photographer?
Prisoner—Yes, your honor. I had been trying for two mortal hours to take a picture of that little imp—I mean little baby, your honor—and—
Magistrate—You are discharged. I used to be a photographer myself.—The Cartoon.

How to Make Dobbin Go.
Boston Girl (taking a New York friend for a drive)—Now, Dobbin, you must go faster; you really must. (Pushes on the reins while Dobbin stops and with his left hind hoof kills a fly on his right ear.) Come, now, Dobbin, you must proceed more rapidly; I am quite ashamed of you.
New York Girl (taking the reins)—Let me drive, Fenelope. Get up there! Ger lang!!
Dobbin displays an unexpected burst of speed.—New York Sun.

At the Races.
Alfred—Did you enjoy the races today, Miss Brush?
Miss Brush—Oh, very much! The weather was delightful, the attendance large and fashionable, and although the pleasure was slightly marred by the death of two little jockeys in the steeplechase I can scarcely recall a day I have enjoyed so much.—Life.

Enjoyable.
"Enjoyed your party, Bobby?"
"Oh, awfully!"
"Well, what little girls did you dance with?"
"Oh, I didn't dance. I had three fights down stairs with Willie Richardson, and I licked him every time."—London Judy.

Absent Minded.
Professor—Gretchen! Please take the cat out of the room. I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it?
Gretchen—Why, professor! You are sitting on it.—Berlin Illustrirte Zeitung.

Not a Very Large Stock.
"See here," exclaimed the bath to the bathing attendant, "is that the only bath towel you've got?" pointing to a rag with several holes in it.
"No, sir," was the reply. "We've got another one, but it's in use now."—Time.

The Howling Kept Him Awake.



Bagley (sternly)—Aurelia, let this thing stop right here. Mr. De Twiriger—
Aurelia—Oh, paw! Do you forbid Arthur the house?

Bagley—He may come every night in the week if he pleases, but he shall not bring his dog into my parlor. Last night its howling kept me awake for an hour.
Aurelia—Why, paw! That was Arthur singing a selection from "Erminie!"—Harper's Bazar.

Done by a Comma.

She was very proud of her name. Her father had been fortunate enough to be named De Vere, and her mother had the poetic taste to call her Evelyn. So her name was Evelyn De Vere. Some of you may not like it, but she did. I wonder why people christen their children Jennies and Sarahs and Wilhelmias, when there are so many lovely names we never meet with. Why don't more parents christen their girls Elaine and Guinevere and Enid and Lynette and Vivien? It is true it would not sound very well to hear a young lady say, when the dry-goods store clerk asked her:
"Where shall I send it, please?"
"Elaine Smith, 14,002 Sutter."
Nor would it look well to have to address a letter to Miss Guinevere Mulcahy, 10,001 Post street. It might appear trying to be introduced to Vivien McCorkindale. But then there are names that naturally ask for an affix of a poetic nature. However, let that pass. She was named Evelyn de Vere, and she was sorry when a man named Cook came along and asked her to be his own. She became his own, but she compromised the name business by tacking the new name on to the old one. She is sorry now, and she signs herself simply Evelyn Cook. Because one day when a friend sent her a telegram it came in this shape: "Evelyn De Vere, Cook, 10,005 Hyde street."—San Francisco Chronicle.

You Have Met These Fellows?
"How long were you in Washington, Mr. Tripticket?" "Five days." "Saw everything, I suppose?" "No, didn't see anything; one of the congressional guides at the capitol got hold of us; we had to pay him \$3 a day, and he led us around for two days trying to find the entrance to the Smithsonian Institute. Then we went back to the Capitol and got another one, and we had to hire a hackman to show him the way to our hotel. Then we went back and got the sergeant-at-arms to recommend us a good one, but he couldn't find his way out of the Capitol, and so we looked at the 'Battle of Lake Erie' again and came home."—Burdette.

They Were of the Wrong Size.
"Those stockings are all wool, I presume?" she said, as she requested the clerk to wrap her up a half dozen pairs.
"Oh, yes, miss," he answered in thoughtlessness, "they're all wool and a yard wide."
"Sir!" she exclaimed, indignantly, and before he fully realized what he had said she whisked out of the store.—Washington Critic.

A Fortunate Young Woman.
An Unknown Species.—New Gossamer—Now, my dear, in what zoological classification would you place man?
Pretty Girl—Man!
"Yes; don't you know what a man is?"
"No, ma'am. I've been spending my winters in a convent and my summers at seaside resorts."—Philadelphia Record.

Taking Every Chance.
Old Lady (to Harlem boy)—Is the game of ball over, sonny?
Sonny—No'm; it's only in de fift' inning. De Goatwilliams are over de fence changin' der clothes fer ter kill er hoodoo. It's gittin' very late in de season, ma'am, an' ev'ry game from now on is goin' ter be played fer blood.—New York Sun.



A Work of Art.
Mrs. Veneering de Puyser (in bric-a-brac store, to daughter)—There is an elegant vase, Clara, and it's marked only \$60; I think I will take it. (To clerk) What is your lowest price on this vase, sir?
Clerk—Sixty cents, madam.
Daughter—Come on, ma.—Texas Siftings.

The Ant and the Hopper.
A Grasshopper who had made a long jump alighted in such a manner as to strike an ant and send the little creature sprawling. There was a great outcry over the accident, and a Beetle severely observed:
"Suppose you had broken one of her legs, sir!"
"My dear friend," replied the Hopper, "suppose it had been a cow that jumped instead of me. Both of you would have been instantly killed."
MORAL.
The man who has the smallpox should remember that he could have been hit with a pile driver.—Detroit Free Press.

For Life.
Little Bobby, whose mother believes in cautioning her children against the consequences of foolish acts, has often said to him:
"If you get before the train, or fall into the water, you may be killed, and when one is dead it is for a long time."
One day Bobby, while walking with his uncle, took pains to keep at a safe distance from the shore of the river.
"If I should fall in I should be drowned," he exclaimed, "and when you're drowned you're dead, and when you're dead it's for life!"—Youth's Companion.

He'd See the Editor Later.
Indignant Subscriber—Boy, is the editor in?
"No. What do you want?"
"I want to smash his damned head, that's what I want."
"Well, if you'll wait half an hour he'll be here. He's down at the gymnasium teaching his class in boxing and wrestling just now."
"Er—well—I guess I can't wait. I'll call again."—Lincoln Journal.

In Great Luck.
Florist (looking over the paper)—Eh! My goodness! Hooryay!
"What pleases you so, James?"
"The detectives have caught three more murderers, and they will be on trial within a month. You shall have that diamond necklace by Christmas, Maria."—Providence Journal.

So Have We All.
They are going to have a bric-a-brac show in Japan, to which no article will be admitted that is not more than 1,000 years old. We have seen some jokes lately that would be sure to take a prize.—Burlington Free Press.

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